THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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COMMON SENSE—No. V.

Mr. Easy,

ALTHOUGH I am what those in a state of celibacy call an old fellow; yet I am neither so snarling a stoic nor so silly a pedant as to ridicule and contemn the present age because it is the most modern. I have frequently observed in your useful Companion, the exclamation of—"the degenerate age!" Now, friend Easy, you and your readers may deem me an odd sort of a fellow, for declaring, that the present age, in my humble opinion, is not particularly distinguished for vices and follies unknown to those which have passed away; but on the other hand, I am wont to believe, that human nature is the same now as it was in the beginning—that mankind from the time of the primeval *patriarchs* down to this very moment have successively been equally subject to vice and folly, virtue and wisdom, which have been alike the sport of capricious modes, the changes of climate, ridiculous education, and various other causes. In fact, I incline to believe, that the present age, generally speaking, is rather better than the preceding; inasmuch as vices and virtues have equally experienced the divine influence of a judicious cultivation of the arts and sciences, and the *Belles Lettres*, which have conspired to dispel the mists of superstition in a great degree, and to smooth and soften she savage manners of barbarous nations; so that vicious habits are rendered less rough; and therefore, I am as happy as *Voltaire* could possibly have been under the influence and protection of *Mammon*, his *god* of health, that I have the honour and good fortune through the divine will, to live in the present age, independent of the consideration of a great man, "that it is rather better to be still alive, than only to have lived." The emphatical exclamation of—"this degenerate age!" is nothing more nor less, in my simple opinion, than an affecting dirge over *virtue in a declining state*, and *vice triumphant*—a final adieu bidden to some favourite project, or discouraged spirit of malevolence, envy, or hatred, and sometimes public spirit unrewarded. The heart must be felonious indeed, that can more easily forgive and commend the peculiarities of remote antiquity, than contemporary and contiguous merit. It is remarkable, that men who imbibe such abject sentiments, have mostly been the silly satirists of the present, and panegyrists of past ages. Hence dupes of folly, like themselves, catch the distemper, and like birds in the air, whistle it with unceasing industry.

As I delight in exposing the follies of my fellow mortals (and hope they will do so likewise towards me) the sole object of this "mere essay," is to take a superficial view of this strangely inverted state of virtue and merit on each stage of life, and I hope to prove, at least to my own satisfaction, that it is owing to imaginary causes, that people term the present age more degenerate than those past. I am clearly of opinion, that human nature is the same in substance, and only variable in forms and modes, resulting from various concurrent causes; whereof we are familiar with but few. As I have previously observed, education and climate, together with accident, combine and proportionably contribute to vary those forms and modes: but I think it is easily discovered, that in all climates, and in all ages of the world, men are governed by the same passions, appetites and affections. Now, sir, I appeal to your superior judgment, and ask, if this is not beyond doubt the case? I deem it unnecessary here to quote higher authority to prove it; and shall content myself by observing, that it is confirmed by historians of all ages and nations.

By way of a warning to the inexperienced part of my

countrymen, and of reproving the designing, I proceed to an explanation of the reasons which I have just now hinted, why and wherefore the time present has always been termed the most degenerate.

I believe it is acknowledged, that poets, notwithstanding they are considered great men, are no more than men, subject to the like weaknesses of other men; but, probably, in a less degree. It is likewise acknowledged, that they are not strangers to the inordinate passions of jealousy, pride and envy. Hence I say, that they are much prone to appreciate merit by the age, to revere authors in the dust, in preference to those in existence. I frequently have heard the Augustan age spoken of as a favourite æra, though it is many hundred years distant from our own. Although a voluptuary, that emperor, we are told, was not only a good judge of wit, but a performer of considerable eminence himself. His favourite, Horace, informs us, that he fed and fostered men of wit. It is admitted, that in those days, genius had a fine opportunity of distinguishing itself, owing to such patrons as Augustus: But now—O tempora! O mores!—we can but act with justice towards those persons who abuse their own age, by confessing, that they themselves are not the chief aggressors, inasmuch as their times began with them. They abuse the present age more from a spirit of jealousy and resentment, than judgment; and are only actuated by anger and despair, in depreciating that merit in others, which, until greatly reduced, they are sensible of their inability to equal.

Again, there is a still greater and more numerous class of declaimers against the *degeneracy of the present age*.—It may be asked by some, of what description of men are these? Discontented politicians, who it is well known, are very numerous and satirical. Many of these men are not in the least backward in calling the American administrations, for the time being, the worst and most injudicious ever known. I would advise these people to take a retrospect of past ages; there they will find, that most of the magistrates were mere tyrants; and armed the people one against another, in order to gratify a bloody and destructive ambition. These plebeian politicians well know that the magistrates of the present times are not ferocious Tarquins, and unprincipled Cæsars, and consequently, that in a political point of view, the present age is infinitely better than many of those past.* H.

* H will not be offended at our excluding the observations which here followed in his MS. For although we duly appreciate the patriotic spirit evinced, yet we cannot give publicity to those remarks, which would certainly be offensive to many worthy citizens.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. IX.

Mr. Easy,

Having within the present week heard some cavillers talk rather freely about the productions of Rario; I think it expedient in me, at this time, to come forward with some explanatory remarks; such as may tend to prop up for a time a character, which in the estimation of some begins to totter.

I feel very little concern however for the future welfare of The Pedestrian, over and above that common affection, dictated by the purest feelings of nature, which every son of Adam and daughter of Eve, necessarily feel for their offspring: But so much I certainly do feel for this my merry, prattling boy: And I feel it as an incumbent duty, that I should start him fairly in the world——that, if I can endow him with no brilliant quality, by which to gain the esteem, or excite the admiration of the world; I should yet in his youth, defend him from any unfair attack which may be levelled against him.

I have heard it insinuated, that these occurrences, which I have detailed to you, are the mere inventions of some one, wofully addicted to lying:—By others, less inimical, it is said, that "they are only the effects of the *imagination*, dressed up for the loose and unprofitable purpose of exciting laughter."

It is not to be expected that I can reply to any assertions so gross and indelicate as these. For in common argument, if one man tells another that "he lies," he is deserving of no gentle treatment—so here, it were vain in me to attempt conviction, by any *reasoning* process.

But there are others, whose complaints, at first view, bear marks of plausibility.—Such as those who say, that the Pedestrian "makes game" of others, without any perceptible object—save that of merriment. This I deny—and I deem it worthy of remark, because of its pernicious speciousness. I have never yet given one single sketch of character, without a distinct and laudable object in view.

As an instance—take the last I attempted to sketch, which was in the last number of the Companion. SOFTHEAD we will call him, if only from a sense of gallantry—as the young lady thus *beknighted* him.

This gentleman, whose head, figuratively, is as soft as an apple when roasted, has sufficient impudence to knock at your door, and he must be admitted, forsooth, because———what?

Listen, ye cavillers! all you of the servile, sneaking class—and hide your faces!

Because he has—or his father has—a few more dollars

than are requisite for immediate use. Is not this true?—Will you not associate with this man—nay even flatter and caress him—for no other reason, than that he is a member of a rich family? Has not such an one more than once destroyed the pleasurable vivacity, the good-humoured cheerfulness of a company where you have formed a part?

If then, you are compelled to suffer the intrusion of such, would you not feel thankful if his rudeness could be softened down to negative goodness—or if he could be some little enlightened, and his company rendered more tolerable?

We can instruct a child by persuasive arguments—or we can drive a slave by fear and chastisement: But the latter measure is inadmissible in the case before us—and the former, every body knows to be ineffectual. What effect could we anticipate from saying, with the affectionate countenance of the kindest mother, "My dear Mr. Softhead, you are a great fool; the company laugh at you; you have no business here!" Such a procedure would have a contrary effect from what was wished; or, its effect would be at best vain and evanescent.

On the other hand, I have never yet seen a person, one link in the chain of intellect above the idiot, who was altogether proof against the piercing arrows of ridicule. I have never yet seen a human head so hard that it could not be penetrated by this weapon. And Softhead, on reading in the 8th number of the Pedestrian—if he ever so far forgets himself as to read—a description of one evening's impropriety, will feel a more effectual rebuke than any of his *professing* friends ever gave him. It will, I am convinced, tend to dissipate, in some measure, the hebetude of the veriest ass that haunts and teazes the most intelligent circles in the city.

In which case I shall feel more pleasure than was experienced by the benevolent Yoric, when condoling with a real Ass at the gate of Lyons.

Another, and a more diabolical attempt, is made to strangle the youth, by some who have attempted to shew—no, I beg pardon of these murderers of his character; for they have not in any instance used *argument*, which is implied if I acknowledge that they attempt to *shew why* he is not orthodox—I would say, Mr. Easy, that a most villainous spirit has stalked abroad, with intent to *slander* me to death, and render my very name infamous among those dear creatures who have heretofore smiled upon me, and who have assiduously, and most kindly too, encouraged me in telling over these little adventures. I have seen Miss reading a narrative of mine, until, full of love and kindness for the "naughty" unknown, she involuntarily let the Companion fall from her white hand, as she, with tumultuous bosom, sighed most tenderly at the quick termination of my story. Though a stranger to the romantick Pedestrian, yet would she, like Calypso, wish to hear Tellemachus o'er and o'er again.

How inexpressibly gratifying was it to me, when I discovered that my manner of relating these things was well received by the *fair*, the candid, and the unenvious portion of your readers! Of a brother scribbler—with a mind of common make—I ask not approbation: I would on no account wish that *he* should be cheated into the opinion that the Pedestrian exhibits any symptoms of originality, or genius—And I particularly desire, that all my adversaries, who have the smallest pretensions to authorship, will effectually barricade every weak part of their thick skulls, lest some such dreadful idea should, unluckily for their peace, find entrance.

But to return to the ladies—by whom I am now to be tried, for high crimes and misdemeanours—viz.—"*improper allusions in my 7th number.*" They form an impartial court—where the fury of jacobinism and the malice of little critics, have no influence; but where Justice and Mercy hold equal empire. Before this court I appear, with profound reverence and clean hands—confident of a full hearing, and an honourable acquital.

I am charged with having violated nature and chaste composition, in my attempt to describe the effect which the presence of a beautiful, cheerful, eloquent, and well informed woman had upon my feelings, when admitted to her most unrestrained and social conversation.

Who can come up, in description on paper, to the delightful feelings of one who is an admirer of the sex—one who is supremely blest with such a soul as can alone entitle him to the dignified appellation, MAN*—and the Pedestrian has no peculiar friendship for that two-legged, mechanical thing, which, tho' void of feeling, is frequently *called a man*—Who, I ask, can do justice to the sensations excited in an admirer, of the sex, by the fascinating manner and enchanting appearance of a truly accomplished woman! I am convinced, Mr. Easy, your formation and texture of mind are such, that you would "curse the witling" that attempted it. Away then with the foul ca-

* This will not be called an egotistical chapter in my own praise;—it is the only efficient mode of defence that I can adopt in the present instance. The charge preferred agaisnt me being—that in apeing the style of the sentimental Sterne, the Pedestrian outstrips nature—I must, in reply, be permitted to speak as one sensible of this superiority of feeling, which will fully justify the supposed extravagance.

lumny on the sensibility of our species?—And away with the disaffected or unfeeling authors thereof—who would fain persuade your female readers, that the Pedestrian is adverse to their peace ; that in his compositions are wrapped up "*improper allusions*," tending to mislead the taste, or to dissipate the relish for more beneficial reading.

When these foul miscreants strive to torture the language fairly flowing from a refined feeling—to which barbarian breasts are callous—into a vile similarity with the vulgar ideas, so congenial to unchaste reflection ; they deserve the whip of honourable men, and the indignant frown of enlightened women.

One more observation, sir, for the benefit of my friends, the log-headed gentry, and I have done.

It has been a practice to remark that "the Companion is very dull"—"How grave is Mr. Easy"—"what a sameness of serious spirit amongst his correspondents," &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. To do away the supposed cause for this snarling, I offered the first Pedestrian—in this spirit, I doubt not, you gave it publicity.—I have continued in the same strain,—and I am censured—they call me little short of "fool ;" "liar ;" "vulgar"—and many other musical names, which, to the great comfort of the stupid and abandoned, I hope may become fashionable.

It was of such animals as these, to whom I have the honour of being disagreeable, that an indignant British essayist thus observes :

"Your *profound judges* are the most dreadful of all our string of *little heroes*. They see things as clear as noonday, which the brightest intellects cannot enable other men to discover :—and are never in the humour, if capable, to perceive the true sense of your thoughts and observations—though all the world (beside) should join in its applause and approbation, in consequence of the justness, elegance and propriety of your ideas."

I beg pardon, Mr. Easy ; but my own defence appeared to require more room in your paper than, perhaps, the subject merited—and I was very desirous of setting this affair right before I could dare to relate to you any further adventures of, Sir, your friend, RARIO.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 78.)

The figure instantly advanced, and throwing himself upon me, he seized me round the waist and endeavoured to support me.

This manœuvre at once recalled my scattered senses, and I thrust him from me, desiring in a faint voice, to know what he would have, and why he pursued me in such an alarming manner. He immediately replied, with the utmost simplicity, but in a very languid tone of voice, that when he recovered from the dreadful state under which he had so recently laboured (and which, indeed, appeared to me to be positive death), finding himself confined in a sack, he tore it open, and escaped from it, but was lost in astonishment at the disagreeable singularity of his situation when I entered the room. He instantly recognised me, but my strange motions, and wild expressions of countenance, having alarmed him, he watched me with minute attention, and seeing me retreat under such evident perturbation, and being ignorant of the cause, he followed me in the manner I had witnessed.

Conceive if you can, the exquisite sensations of delight which I experienced from this account, and the certainty of this man's being restored to existence. Oppressed as my mind had been by the painful idea that I had been the cause of his untimely and dreadful death, no intimation could have created so much joy, and unspeakable happiness in my heart, as the positive assurance of his re-animation. In the fervor of my gratitude to Almighty God, I could not resist the emotions of pleasure which danced around my heart, and I clasped the honest Highlander in my arms.

The poor man seemed equally affected with myself, and shed abundance of tears. Never, at any period of my life, have I felt my heart so melted and overwhelmed by sensations of joy and gratitude as at those moments when I strained him to my bosom. They were emotions which the good and virtuous alone can feel. They were the peculiar rights of sensibility, and I valued them as such.

I now informed this generous rustic of all that had befallen him, both at the time, and since his dreadful accident, together with the particulars of his situation in the apartment from which he had followed me. He was surprised at the relation, but instantly recognised his present abode, informing me that he was well acquainted with the mistress of the house, to whom I desired he would go, that he might obtain some refreshment, and leave me for the night, that I might obtain some repose ; but perceiving that he was extremely languid from the effects of his late misfortune, I was obliged to support him into the kitchen, where I left him with the old woman of the house, and retired myself to bed.

The morn was beginining to dawn in the east, when I again retired to my miserable cabin to sleep, and I felt so

weak from the fatigues both of body and mind which I had experienced, that I was soon buried in profound slumbers, which continued until a late hour in the afternoon of the succeeding day, when I awoke, and rose much refreshed, and at ease in my mind. The occurrences of the past day appeared now only with their pleasurable features, while the unfortunate particulars being past, without leaving any materially bad consequences behind, were contemplated without pain.

After having made a hearty breakfast, in company with the honest Highlander, and having well rewarded him for all the sufferings he had undergone, I took my leave of Fort Augustus, and proceeded towards Fort William, on my way southward, ruminating on the vast variety of scenes and events which "active man engage."

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

Charlotte Hutton, a most extraordinary genius of the present age, youngest daughter of Dr. Charles Hutton of Woolwich. She was born in 1778, and was only sixteen years of age when she died, by the rupture of a vessel in her lungs, on the 24th of Dec. 1794. Yet in that short period she had acquired more learning and knowledge, than many persons do who live to fourscore. She knew several languages, and almost all sciences in a considerable degree; and had acquired a knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, geography, astronomy, music, drawing, poetry, history, botany, gardening, besides all the usual female accomplishments in a superior degree and style.—Most of these were acquisitions chiefly made by her own talents and energy of mind, with little or no assistance from others. It was sufficient for her once to see or hear any thing done. She soon made it her own. She was her father's amanuensis and assistant upon all occasions; she wrote for him, and read to him, in all languages and sciences; she made drawings for him of all kinds, astronomical, mathematical, mechanical, &c. She arranged and managed his library, and knew where every book stood, so that she could find them even in the dark. She was author of several ingenious compositions and calculations. She extracted the square roots of most of the second 1000 numbers to 12 places of decimals, and proved the truth of them, by means of differences; arranging the whole in a table fit for publication. She drew elegant geographical maps, and on the second day before she died, began and completed the whole hemisphere of the earth. In composition, whether epistolary or scientific, her style was excellent. In the midst of all these literary acquisitions, she was so active in family affairs, that she was no less useful to her mother, in her domestic concerns, than to her father in his scientific business. To all these qualifications she added uncommon goodness, affability, cheerfulness, and sweetness of disposition, which made her as much beloved, as her extraordinary talents and acquirements made her admired.

Consistently with our original declaration, we cannot give essays on party politics. But we are anxious to afford those of our readers that may not have already seen it, the same pleasure which we enjoyed, in perusing the following ingenious allegory, in the Dublin Magazine, for 1799.

It often has been lamented by political moralists, that the use of spirits in this country has been rendered too common by the exigencies of government, which, in all its distresses, has ever experienced that the consumption of spirits forms one of the chief articles of revenue, and that the sum arising thence seldom is decreased by any additional impost. Again and again has it been said, why encourage distilleries, that fatal bane of industry and morality among the lower classes of the people? Why pamper the head of the state at the expence of the body and members? Why sell all the virtue and all the morals, and all the industry, and all the health of the nation for money? In these cries, so loudly raised by speculative politicians, the grave men of Warwick-lane join heartily, and take every means to prove that spirituous liquors kill more than plague, war, famine, or even their own prescriptions. Indeed all persons who have spoken or written on the subject, have so completely proved the truth of the above positions, that a glass of gin ought long ere now to have been as scarce as a bulse of diamonds, and in as few hands, did we not recollect that in all great political questions to be determined by pounds, shillings, and pence, there is an impassable gulph placed betwen argument and conviction.

Nor, sir, am I quite certain that the universal censure bestowed upon the encouragement given to the distilleries may not admit of something like an answer. When we consider the difference between the rich and the poor in this and all other countries, that the rich can do almost every thing for their country's cause, and the poor little or nothing, we ought not to deprive the latter of any humble means by which they can demonstrate their zeal. It has lately been the fashion, and undoubtedly a very

patriotic fashion, for the rich to "devote their lives and fortunes" in the nation's cause. Now, as the poor have only one of those blessings at their disposal, namely, their lives, do they not shew a proper and becoming sense of patriotism when they consent to go to their long homes to promote the revenue and furnish the sinews of war while they allow their own to shrink.

But far as, I perceive, I have advanced in considering the question with regard to foreign or English spirits, I am aware that they are not the subjects I intended to handle. It was my purpose to offer some remarks on a few other species of spirits which are very common in this country, but which, I am of opinion, have not been treated with due regularity either by chemists or medical writers. Not that I would have you to suppose that I am to supply this deficiency; I have no leisure to compose a system, and the remarks I have to offer are intended only to assist those who may wish to take up the subject on a regular scale. It is only for want of better, that I would say to you *his utere mecum*.

SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

This I reckon a compound spirit, requiring at least two ingredients, especially when made for family use. It is of a very warm nature, and if indulged in to excess, as I have seen in some very reputable families, produces very pernicious effects. It is not only accompanied with a violent flushing of the face, as most other ardent spirits, but I have even observed that the children of parents who use it have been affected by it, even after they have grown up. That which is made for public use is compounded of various ingredients, and is supposed, I know not why, to be good for the lungs, as it is frequently taken in large doses by the speakers of public assemblies, from the senate of the nation down to the vestry of a parish. Not having an opportunity of analysing it by chemical process, I can only say, from observation, that it expands by heat, and frequently sends out effluvia not of the most agreable nature. I have sometimes reduced it to a mild state by dropping an argument or two into the glass, but those who are addicted to this kind of spirit will seldom allow of that.

SPIRIT OF INNOVATION.

The remark that we eat and drink as much by fashion as by taste is very just, when applied to this spirit, which has been cried up, or prohibited, according to caprice at various periods. It became very fashionable first in the time of Henry VIII. and continued in the short reign of Edward VI. Queen Mary prohibited it under the severest penalties, ordering various persons employed in the distilling it to be punished with death. Queen Elizabeth, however, being a single woman, and probably loving a drop, revived the use of it. What had been manufactured at this time is yet in high estimation by those who understand the true nature of such a spirit, but it would appear that the original receipt was lost about the time of Charles I. when the people being still fond of spirits, a great number of quacks set about preparing it in various ways: scarce a drop was genuine, yet the pleasure of intoxication was such, that the people drank huge draughts of it, pure or impure, and public business was for a time shamefully neglected. Robberies, confiscations, and even murder became common. The effects which it produced of a more ludicrous nature were, that the lowest of the people, after they had indulged themselves in copious libations of this spirit, took it in their heads to preach, and even common soldiers often mounted the pulpit when they should have mounted guard.—Some pretended to be inspired, and uttered prophecies. At length, however, whether from being sensible of the bad effects of this spirit upon the constitution, or from its being prohibited, it got gradually into disgrace, and a purer sort of it was made, which being confined to the better sort of people was a favourite liquor at the revolution; and had the receipt been carefully preserved, and none of the articles omitted, or worse ingredients substituted in their room, this would have been at this time the standerd spirit of the nation. A few years ago a quantity of it was smuggled from France, and having been a fashionable liquor there, of course became fashionable liquor here, according to the usual course of all our fashions, which always originated with that gay and lively people. This spirit, however, was soon discovered to be of a very ardent and heating nature, and unfit for the constitution of the people of this country. For a time its effects could not be prevented, although every possible means were taken, because it was confined to private drinkers. Some, notwithstanding, who had taken too great a dose, betrayed it in public, and very severe laws were enacted against it. Indeed it was supposed the legislature took the best possible method to strike at the root of the evil, by sewing up the mouths of those who were addicted to this spirit. Having had some few opportunities to examine it, it appears to me to be very pernicious, and highly inflammatory, unless taken in very small quantities, and that at regular times. The body too must be duly prepared for a course of it, for it will not suit every constitution, particularly those which are either very good or very bad. To the former it is useless or li-

able to create uneasiness in the head, and to the latter it is dangerous from want of strength to carry it off gently.—In the latter, also, it rises to a flame, the moment it is used. I am of opinion that if it were rectified it might be frequently used with advantage as an alternative; but there is at present a prejudice against it, and for no reason that I can find out except one, certainly a substantial one, namely, that it has been used as a common liquor for every day, whereas it ought to be reserved as a medicine for particular cases, and to be prescribed only by the most judicious physicians.

SPIRIT OF REFORM.

This has been frequently confounded with the former, which in some respects, such as colour, it resembles, but it is certainly a very different spirit, because, when pure, it never is or can be applied, unless for beneficial purposes, and if applied in time, never fails to produce the best effects in the case of constitutions that have been injured by extravagant living, or of persons that have lost strength by serving often in war. There is, however, such a difference of opinion respecting this spirit, that it has not of late years been much in use. Those who have written on the subject are extremely numerous, and may be divided into two classes. The one considered it as a pernicious, inflammatory spirit, which will not bear agitation, which rises to a flame on the smallest application of heat, and which has this peculiar to it, that whoever begins to drink it, in quantities ever so small, knows not where to stop: that it has destroyed many strong constitutions, and that so far from being useful to any, the use of it is a mere apology for the indulgence of a perverted taste. The other party contend, in answer to this, that all the pernicous effects arttibuted to this spirit, may be traced——not to the spirit itself——but the improper use made of it, that when used in moderation, it is the grand restorative for decaying constitutions, and that there is no constitution so strong as that it would not be bettered by an occasional dose: that it is perfectly easy to use it in moderation, if people so incline, as there is no necessity why every man that drinks should get drunk; and that more mischief has been done by those who knew not where to begin, than by those who knew not where to stop: that if properly used, and applied to a specific disorder, it is tonic, emollient, sedative, refrigerant, and antispasmodic; effects which in the case of any other than disorders of certain constitutions, would interfere with one another: but, that, if not applied in a moderate degree until the disorder has got to a height, the constitution will exhibit all the symptoms of a complication, and then it may happen that the medicine will be stimulant and corrosive in a high degree, produce violent hœmorrhages, and lose all its healing powers.

I shall not venture to decide which of these opinions is right. I have had but few oppportunities of knowing the effects of this spirit in its genuine state. Very much of that which is bought and sold is a vile adulteration, and it is impossible to judge of any production of art or nature, unless we have a specimen of the best of its kind exhibited. I would not paint the human body from a deformed man, nor would I venture to say what the Spirit of Reform might produce, if I saw only the bastard kind which the French quacks are hawking about on the continent.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor when properly seconded by many right worthy candidates for literary fame, finds it a delightful task to arrange the papers for a Companion; but he is frequently most unmercifully robbed of his time, while *guessing* at the meaning of some, who think they can write. We have many times refused to publish that which, at a meeting of the Club, has been deemed unworthy; we are still importuned by youth; and give the following *poetical* piece as a specimen.

WINTER.

My son behold the lately nature gay
Clad in her charms, now mark the change
From the warm sun beams's ray
To Cold and Surly winter's reign

The verdant carpet so Gracefull to the eye
With the Flowery Tenants of yon bleak vale
Now hang their heads and droop and dye
And stern Boreas whistles o'r the dale

The warbling songster quite forsake their haunts
And fly to some more moderate clime
The Purling streams bound in the icy bands
No longer merry bubling away the time

Such are the variations of human life my son
The health that sparkled in these eyes
Was by the undermining hand of time undone
Then receive your parents caution ere he dyes

Let your youth with seeds of virtue then be sown
And Guard against the tempters ways
Then will a mind resigned as I have done
With smiles can meet the winter of your days

Though blooming now with health so gay
Yet Hasty footed time will stay for none
Then you must go the oft troden way
And pay the *debt of nature* which your sires have done

AMANDA

STREPHON—S—PHILOGAMUS, and several others, have come to hand.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO CLARINDA.

Clarinda tells me all is o'er,
That I must teach this heart no more
On fancied bliss to dwell:
No more expect her to be kind;
That she has lately changed her mind,
And coldly bids farewell.

O heav'n! and can I then resign,
Those beauteous charms I long thought mine,
Without a month of weeping?
Ah no! I'll walk the park head-bare,
And sometimes sadly pull my hair,
Nor think again of sleeping.

And often through the window-frame,
All night I'll sigh her much lov'd name,
Nor dread the watchman's rattle:
For should he chance to come that way,
Or dare to interrupt my lay;
I'll run, or give him battle.

Thus for a time. will I complain,
Thus nightly pour my lovelorn strain,
In hopes she'll yet prove clever:
Tho' should all these things fail to move,
I'll no more yield to tyrant love;
But curse the sex forever.

And think not, false, deceiving fair,
To triumph long o'er my despair,
Nor make such fools of many:
For though you're now ador'd by all,
Time yet shall make you sing quite small,
Without being lov'd by any.

Those teeth so even and so white,
Which you ne'er strove to keep from sight,
But show so wond'rous neatly:
May, from the aching of a week,
Beneath some Dentist's hawkbill break,
And do you up completely.

And then I'd have that auburn hair,
Which now in curls you love to wear,
Turn red as any fire:
Those eyes so blue, at once be green,
And both your cheeks become as lean
As envy could desire.

Was this the case I'm of the mind,
That did Leander still prove kind,
Nor heed the alteration;
You'd sooner leap three stories height,
Tho' doom'd on oyster-shells to light,
Than think on *hesitation.*

But do not count too much on this,
For, hang me, if I ever kiss
You, after this disaster:
Your smiles, believe me as you may,
Instead of urging me to stay,
Would send me off the faster.

So, *sweet* Clarinda! fare thee well,
E'en now methinks I hear the knell
Of thy expiring beauty.
No more thy presence gives delight,
The beaux, all tittering, take their flight,
And quite forget their *duty!*

LEANDER.

TO MARIAN,

Who, it is reported, has serious intentions of taking the veil in ——Nunnery.

Tell me, dearest Marian,
Do you really love me?
If you do, my dearest girl,
Wherefore do you shove me?

Here I stand your abject slave,
Bound in Cupid's fetters—
Why do you abuse me thus,
And laugh at all my letters?

I've been told you mean to go
Into yonder Cloisters;
If you do, my Marian,
You'll starve on eggs and oysters.

There you'll have to fast and pray
And sing your evening vespers;
Never see your lover more,
Nor listen to his whispers.

There in gloomy cell pent up,
You'll reflect upon it;
And, instead of sable veil,
Wish you'd kept your bonnet.

Then I'll peep in thro' the grates,
Laughing at your folly;
Turn and cut a pigeon-wing,
And court your sister Polly.

—BIBO.—

Dick calls on Robert ev'ry day
To taste his cogniac;
And every day friend Robert hopes
That Dick may ne'er come back.

Robert at length quite tir'd of Dick,
Receives him with a frown;
And Dick enquires in friendly way,
What's brought his spirits down?

Zounds! why d'ye wonder? Robert cries,
The reason's very plain,
When you your spirits raise each day,
You also lower mine.

—BIBO.—